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SONG and DREAM



DALLAS WALTON NEWSOM



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SONG and DREAM

Poems

By

DALLAS WALTON NEWSOM



1922

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No. 1

FOREWORD

The author wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the various publications in which most of the poems of this volume have previously appeared.

GREETING

For you I sing my little song
Because I must, good friend ;
I might as well sing as I pass along
For the cheer that it may lend ;
 E'er the fleet note turns
 Where the sunset burns
 And over the hill I bend.

*Dedicated to her
who so faithfully travels with me
this land of
Song and Dream*

MY LADY

SONG AND DREAM

- 1. Songs and Dreams of Love**
- 2. Songs and Dreams of Life**
- 3. Songs of War**

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SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

When You are Near

UNDER my roof and by my fire
I ne'er grow weary, never tire
When you are near.
I wish the hour were a day
And that the day might live alway
My lady dear.

You are the warmth of sunless days
The quiet rest from weary ways
That never end.
The stars of night shine from your eyes,
You are my rest from midday skies,
My twilight friend.

When through the halls I see you roam
You turn the house into a home
Wherein we live.
When ends the day that seemed so long
I love the lilt of your sweet song—
The love you give.

SONG AND DREAM

Like breath of dew that follows morn
You follow me when I am gone
From you away.

Life's incomplete, unfilled and lonely
When I must go from you if only
For a day.

Then linger near while I am young
And strike the golden chords you strung
The day we wed.

I crave no earthly gift or fame,
Only to know you breathe my name
When I am dead .

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

The Little Clinging Bee

O LET me sip the nectar
Like the butterfly and bee,
They from the rich red tulips,
I from the lips of thee.
The butterfly soon wearies
And wanders carelessly,
But I with quiet patience
Would linger like the bee.

And when like him I wander
To the hillside or the glen,
I find myself soon turning
To my rich red rose again.
The butterfly goes flirting
With the flowers wild and free,
But close to thee I'd nestle
Like the little clinging bee.

SONG AND DREAM

Away from Home and You

O GOD shall guard the distance, dear,
That now between us lies
And shuts from me the warmth that fills
Your ravishing blue eyes.
While gentle stars are whispering
My dreams of love to you,
I fancy I can see the smile
That o'er your dimples flew.

I would I were the summer breeze
That plays about your cheek,
Or wand'ring silver beam that steals
Through half-closed lattice peek.
But when the morning comes, my dear,
And the earth smiles through the dew,
My glad steps shall be turning, love,
A-turning towards you.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Spring

WARM zephyrs blow across the fields
And violets and daffodils
Leap up to feel the breath that steals
Across the slowly-waking hills.
The birds make love in every tree,
The kine leap merry o'er the bars,
The sunshine fills the day with glee
And night kindles her brilliant stars.

SONG AND DREAM

Butterflies

O THE lovelight of her eyes
Like the warmth of dreaming skies,
And his red blood how it flies
To and fro!
Keats and Byron seemeth dull
And old Wordsworth such a pull
When his heart's so raging full,
As you know.

When he sees her passing by
With the grace of butterfly
And a cunning sweet and shy
Then he feels
That naught else is worth the while
If he miss the simple guile
In the springtime of her smile
That he steals.

How dare her greet that mild-eyed fellow
With a whisper, soft and mellow!
Ah, I hear him wildly bellow
“Be it so!”

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

All the violet of her eyes
Looks as bleak as winter skies
And his heart in madness cries,
“Let her go!”

SONG AND DREAM

Lady May

THE merry Lady May doth spread
Her soft umbrella o'er the earth ;
She brings a vast enticing shade,
Soft music and a sylvan mirth.

Her tender music wakes the heart
To sunshine, then a shower of tears ;
The sun peeps laughing through the clouds
And pensive shadow disappears.

I see a world of dew-bathed flowers
Leap up to hear her silver strings ;
A listening silence fills the wood
When Lady May comes out and sings.

She leads her children out to play
Beneath her soft and quiet sky
Their youthful game of hide and seek,
The bird and bee and butterfly.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

When twilight sings her brood to sleep
And voices of the day are still,
She signals out her sentinels,
The firefly and the whip-poor-will.

All earth is clad in green and gold
And promise blooms along the way,
And youth and love and beauty meet
In Lady May, in Lady May.

SONG AND DREAM

Leap Year

(With apologies.)

GATHER your sweethearts while you may
Real men are still a flying,
And girls who woo so hard today
Tomorrow will be sighing.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Memories

WHEN mem'ry's hall gleams all aglow
With strange enchanting light
And through the shadows of the years
Come fancies, loved and bright,
Methinks I hear songs sweet and clear,—
The pleasant lays of other days.

I strain the ear to catch the song
Of long-forgotten melody—
Glad voices coming home again ;
How dear the realm of memory !
Sweet 'mid the bowers of evening hours
The pleasant lays of other days.

Ah, silence now ! a sacred voice
Steals sweetly from the long ago ;
'Tis mother's song, God bless her heart,
And keep her till at last I go !
Her sweet songs rise to bless the skies,—
The pleasant lays of other days.

SONG AND DREAM

To Blanche

MORE softly never breathed an autumn eve,
The very fields were murmuring soft and
low

A solemn hymn. No sounding wind did blow,
But all was still. The sun did sweetly leave
The world to you and me. Could earth conceive
A happier, dearer eve! A lingering glow
Did spread the chill and vacant sky, and lo,
All things seemed bowed in sacred prayer! I
grieve

To think how brief that eve, with calm so deep,
When all my soul did feel the joyous thrill,
And from your eyes I saw the gentle leap
Of feeling kin to mine. The beauteous still
Of evening soon did flicker down the deep
Of night, and stars loomed up across the hill.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Queen of the Hills

(Goldenrod)

GRACEFUL and affable, lady-like queen,
Bedecking the earth with a radiant sheen,
Sister of sunlight, quiet and fair,
Loving the thrill of the September air;
Robed in your garments of ancestral ease,
Alert to the touch of the slumbersome breeze,
All of the wealth of the summer sunshine
Lives in your countenance, sweetly benign.
You introduce summer, now going away,
With all of her splendor, light-hearted and gay,
To the dignified autumn, so pensive and sad,
Dreaming of days that were happy and glad.
The violet, daisy and am'rous woodbine
Were all but the harbingers, heralds of thine;
Down the highways of summer your coming
they told,—
Of your goodly dominion and the power you
hold.
With meek, queenly grace you inherit the earth

SONG AND DREAM

And speak in your silence of royal birth;
You brought us the dream-skies of September
days
And purple and garnet are painting your
ways;
All the earth with a reverence your majesty
fills
When you come with September out over the
hills.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Reverie

'T IS midnight, and the glamour of chill frost
Doth haunt the earth! The wintry
leaves are still;
Night-spirit broods about yon lonely hill;
High in the night, fleece-clouds, like lone
sheep lost,
Drift through the blue, and towards the earth
is tost
A startled meteor's splintered flame. The
thrill,
The mystery of the splendid night doth fill
My list'ning soul! silent yon heavenly host!
Hushed are the jarring clamours of the day.
Love wings the voiceless shadows of the night,
And through the glimmer of the moon's highway,
In words akin unto the soft starlight
Calleth for thee. And now I shut away
This night, but thou dost linger in my sight.

SONG AND DREAM

The Ingle in the Cottage

THE winds are whimpering at the door
And oft with sudden, angry rush
Our peaceful talk they would ignore,
Then listen with a softened hush.
But let the winds blow on dear girl
And wildly sweep the wintry snows,
Let darkening clouds their depths unfurl
So the ingle in the cottage glows.

The world sweeps on with reckless tread
And lovers come and lovers go,
And by our fire we count the dead
Who once were here and loved us so.
Then let us love while love we may,
While the leaping heart no sorrow knows,
While the night winds sound their frantic fray
And the ingle in the cottage glows.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Thine Eyes

AS THE waterbrooks and rivers
Go a-singing to the sea,
My thoughts are always turning, love,
Are turning towards thee.
As the birds turn toward the Southland
Where the skies are warm and blue,
So my heart is ever fleeting
Toward the glad sunshine of you.
As the needle seeks to wander
Where the bright north star doth shine,
So my life just keeps a-flitting
Toward those star-like eyes of thine.

SONG AND DREAM

To My Goldenrod

FULL oft like some unthinking, lonesome
cloud
I stray, and linger free about yon hill;
I feel the breath of autumn growing chill.
The cold, green pinewoods murmur wild and
loud,
The daisies sleep, enwrapped with autumn
shroud;
But you, bright goldenrod, are with me still,
And when I scan the sombre fields, the thrill
Of your meek countenance, unlike the proud
And lustrous show of summer, leaps over me;
And yet your stately motion in the breeze
Doth give me thoughts of silent majesty;
Your sweetly thoughtful mood and pensive ease
Have won my heart; so on this hillside be
My love; I'll love you more than neighboring
trees.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

To My Lady

(On her ——birthday)

UPON your breakfast plate I lay
On this another glad birthday
A clump of roses from your lad,
And though I know he's mighty bad
Just take the roses and be glad
You didn't get a meaner lad.

The velvet leaves of tender May
Spread glorious shade along your way;
Just as the sunbeams kiss the dew
A birthday kiss I give to you,
And as you turn another page
I promise not to speak your age.

The longer, Lady, you may live,
The more, my Lady, would I give,
To catch the dimple in your cheek,
To hear the glad word you can speak;
To feel the Swiss air of your laughter,
See the bright glance coming after.

SONG AND DREAM

And though your years may swiftly go
Your heart can never older grow,
For your bright smile must always stay
Just as it is this glad May-day.
Thus may no far-off after years
Bring to you aught of bitter tears.

Just take the flowers that I bring,
My love and a kiss and the song I sing ;
No other gift, however rare,
Could tell you more of the love I bear ;
For love doth light the paths I tread
And love shall last when I am dead.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

My Sweetheart

A H, WELL do I remember dear
The day you stole into my life,
Some patron spirit whispered clear
“Look thou upon thy future wife.”
With me that day I sensed the grail
And be the haven near or far,
Whatever seas my bark might sail
You were the bright controlling star.

The mem’ry seemeth as a flower
When from the stage I heard you sing,
And from that glad, uplifting hour
I was in love with everything.
I loved the place wherein you dwelt
And all the streets you passed along,
The air you breathed, the winds you felt,—
You led me captive with your song.

Soft organ chords rang in your voice,
The sound of sweet Italian strings;
Your laughter made my heart rejoice
Like overflowing mountain springs.

SONG AND DREAM

I saw upon your guileless cheek
The glow of nature, sunkissed, fair,
No hand-made beauty, nature freak,
Only your dimples nestling there; —

Dimples that gathered like the nymphs
Along a peaceful river shore
Where flit the wary water imps
Like frightened birdlet passing o'er; —
Dimples that played like fleeting sprite
At eventide beneath the moon
When sailing cloudlet dims the light
To tell of laughter coming soon.

The strength and beauty of the hills
Shone peacefully within your eyes
And in your countenance the thrills
And splendor of Italian skies.
So womanly, sweetly serene,
Of Greek-like caste and stateliness,
With quiet, calm, madonna mien,
Simple and lady-like of dress.

I saw the sweetheart in your eye,
The mother in your tender heart,
A helpmate in your sympathy
And strong love in your simple art.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LOVE

Vain 'twere to say it could not be,
 You could not, should not, would not love;
My heart was anchored fast to thee
 And from its moorings could not move.

In sweet contentment did I move
 'Mid dreams and fancies, work and play,
With purpose set to win your love
 And hold you as my own some day.
Nor time nor circumstance could change
 My strong resolve, whate'er betide,
To chain your heart, however strange,
 And live forever at your side.

Now hand in hand we go our way,
 With home and children, health and
friends,—
The blessed dreams of yesterday,—
 Where gladness reigns and love ascends.
God bless the heart you gave to me
 With all its undivided love,
And through the days that are to be
 May I a worthy lover prove.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Caprice

TWILIGHT spreads her dusky wings
Each star in heaven its lantern swings
The whip-poor-will enchanted sings

But I am sad.

The morning treads with softened hush
The sun leaps forth with buoyant blush
The trees are all with songs aflush

And I am glad.

SONG AND DREAM

To Trinity

(My Alma Mater)

WHAT mighty power that binds this
gallant host!

What mighty leader with unchallenged boast
Leads ever on, triumphant in her move
'Mid loyal hearts chained by her deathless love!
Like brave Joan of Arc, a pure, white soul
Speeds ever on toward high and worthy goal,
With eye so clear, fixed on her country fair
Whose liberation doth her voice declare.

Out o'er a thousand hills of rugged soil
Have gone strong sons who love strong man-
hood's toil,—

Proud sons, high-minded, unafraid and true,
Who love thy motto, love thy royal blue.
Marshalled along the highways of the earth
Stalwart they stand, the soul of honest worth;
And though they build their way to worthy fame
They ne'er forget the magic of thy name.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Down through the years thy matchless spirit
brave

Hath wept to see strong sons laid in the grave;
New generations rise to swell thy power
And flood with life and light thy saddened hour.
The earthly mother dies that sons may live,
But here brave sons pass on that they may give
To thee new life, new power and new zeal,
New glory and new visions to reveal.

And evermore young hearts shall gather here
Amid thy shade serene, from year to year;
When our cheers and yells no more shall ring
And thy glad songs no more our lips shall sing,
Still other tongues, and lips of younger days
Shall give their yell and sing their evening lays;
Shall swear allegiance, plight their sacred vow
To shield and love thee as we love thee now.

Thus shall thy strong sons ever come and go,
Glad as they see thy noble spirit grow;
Glad but to add new laurels to thy brow
And at thy shrine on bended knee to bow.
Thus back to thee they'll come, glad just to
bring

A new song home, and hear their mother sing;
A new book for their mother's sweet delight,
A tale of mem'ries 'round her evening light.

SONG AND DREAM

Some day when yonder flag is low at mast
And sunset bell proclaims our day is past,
Strong arms shall still uplift thee on thy way
And generous sons shall bounteous homage pay.
Thy way is long, and though we love and die
Our faithfulness may coming strength supply ;
And though against thee storms break with their
 might,
Watch thou the hills of everlasting light !

Therefore sail on, thou mother ship, sail on !
Thou sailest o'er an endless sea whereon
There is no haven sweet, no peaceful port
Where sails may furl beneath a guardian fort.
Train thou young hands, and strong, to man thy
 wheel,
To watch the guiding star and know thy keel,—
Revering hearts, that love thy hallowed source,
To steer thee on thy true and worthy course.
So shalt thou lower, from thine uplifted deck
Full many a bark, and send it out to fleeck
The busy sea, to land with resting oars
A worthy cargo on the sunset shores.

O Trinity, brave heart, thou shalt live on
When those who love thee now are dead and
 gone !

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

'Neath yonder sunlit dome the hoary sages
Shall rest in sweet concourse through gathered
ages;

A-trembling through the years thy massive bell
With golden tongue stern duty's charge shall tell,
And from thy towered mast shall speak Old
Glory

Where youth shall ever learn fair freedom's
story.

Thy stately walls of darkly mellowed gray
With prideful mien shall guard a by-gone day,
Where faithful men who shaped the sordid clay
Touched it with fire that blazed a larger way,
And through the verdure of thy hills of green
A Launcelot shall ever meet his queen.

At even, by the doorways, shall resound
Staccato yells and songs of pensive sound,
And through the sweet, full-blooded days of June
Commencement bells shall chime their parting
tune.

Thus shall tradition lead thee on thy way
Until thy face shall beam through locks of gray.

We gird thee now with ancient armor bright
And charge thee to uphold the truth and right.
Lose not the love that makes the mother heart
Nor spurn the son who plays an humble part.

SONG AND DREAM

Climb toward the light, nor grow too proud to
pray,
So shalt thou walk the broad triumphal way;
For with a mighty power shalt thou be shod,
When clad in armor of the mighty God;
And sweet deliv'rance shall thy warfare bring
While generations shall thy triumph sing.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

“Babe Ruth”

BABY RUTH, Baby Ruth,
With your simple stick
You hold the eyes of age and youth
With your savage lick.
Baby Ruth, Baby Ruth,
With your cool hawkeye,
Some day I hope you'll send, by gooth,
A meteor to the sky.

I know you love that friendly stick
That greets whatever's twirled;
It helped you play the diamond trick
That sent you round the world.
Here's to your health, your fame, your all!
Swat 'em whene'er you can;
I wonder who can find the ball
When you become a man!

SONG AND DREAM

In Defense of Bill, the Bard

ELUSIVE BILL! They dub you Shak or
Shake,
And zounds! they say you were, or else were
never,
And that, forsooth, you lived by Avon river
Or elsewhither; that other scribes did make
Your virile lines. Go to! let dolts forsake
Such thick-eyed musings. Knaves of lily liver!
A plague upon them, cowards! God deliver
Thee from hungry thieves! 'sblood; awake!
Pismires beneath a rock-built mountain peak
That nibble fern seed and, behold, away!
Tut! puke-stockings! boots it naught to speak
Amid such loud and bootless gabble play;
Let Amamon his direst vengeance wreak
While all thy matchless creatures save the day.

God's me! thy workshop was the wide demesne
Of living things and dead. Sublimest souls
Of earth and air assume their varied roles
At thy command, and thine alone. Serene

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Thy rights while Falstaff sweats, and o'er the
green

Doth trip Titania's train, while fool cajoles
A raging lord, or sweet Cordill consoles
A king forlorn, and through the earth are seen
Avenging ghost and sisters weird. Enough!
Nor time nor place can claim thy quenchless
pen,

Nor dead nor living man can filch the stuff
Which thou hast moulded in the shape of men.
Capitulate, ye rogues and villians rough,
Ye ruffian band! and tread not here again.

SONG AND DREAM

Beneath the Stars

A LONE I stand, with darkness closed about!
Through boundless realms of night my
vision sweeps!

Silent I stand, in ignorance and doubt!

A new thought starts! from wonder on it
leaps!

Infinite Being, Infinite Time and Space,
Whose mighty voice ten thousand spheres obey,
How little need I hope e'er to embrace

Of that broad domain which mine eyes survey ;
I, who in silence dwell within a home,

Of many, one, within the village bounds ;
The village one through which the breezes roam
From Blue Ridge shim'ring smoke to silent
Sounds !

And when I think that e'en our stretching state
Stands only one amid the kindred group,
The group itself but one 'mid nations great
That span our world, and on through stillness
scoop

The depths of space ; and then the mighty world
But one faint gleam of light that ever streams

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

From countless spheres which rush with trembling whirl —

One far-off ray 'mid universal gleams!

Ah, when on this I dwell, the thought doth whip
My being to nothingness.

But sweet to know
That in me dwelleth that which can outstrip
Remotest flight of sense; whose eyes oft go
Beyond the gleaming realms where starry sen-
tinels

Forever keep their silent watch, and catch
The joy of being.

SONG AND DREAM

To William Francis Gill — Gentleman and Scholar

SO QUIETLY hast thou slipped from our
midst
That each new morn we look for thee as did'st
Each gathered class in yonder listening room.
But ah, how soon did fall the hush of gloom
Upon thy friends! no more the master bell
Shall call thee to the task thou did'st so well.
Thy country's flag which thou did'st honor so
Gathers her folds and bids us, weeping low,
To pause and bring a flower to thy bier
And to thy side the warmth of mem'ry's tear.
A score of years through campus paths and halls
We saw thee move, and memory recalls
Thy manly step, thy gallant courtesy,
Thy kindly smile and inborn honesty,
Thy frank and friendly heart, fearless and true,
Too big to cherish selfish ends, which knew
The ways of royal kindness and did bear
A gracious mercy and forgiveness rare,—
A heart immune from age, unhurt by wrongs,

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

That moulded blood which to a prince belongs,
Yet all too tender e'er to give a wound
To friend or stranger. None hath ever found
Thy heart closed to a human need or call,
But rather would thy generous heart give all,
And even more.

Thou hast taught well, good friend,
And thy last laboured page was not the end;
Well did'st thou love the friendship of thy book,
But more of life dwelt in thy kindly look;
In every toil thy youthful zeal did wake
To glorify all thou did'st undertake.
We scarce appraised thy sterling, manly worth
E'er thou did'st close thy book and quit the
earth.

It were unmeasured gift to feel and share
The presence of a life so strong and fair.
Sweet blessing to have toiled and talked with
thee
Whose life hath known such chaste, high com-
pany
As Vergil, with his fluent epic tongue,
And Horace who with lyric beauty sung
For thy delight; and thou did'st love and know
The stately heart of grand old Cicero.
How often hast thou followed Tacitus

SONG AND DREAM

Or listened well to wise Lucretius;
Keen Seneca did talk with thee and store
Thy mind with serious and tragic lore
Till thy friend Plautus, seeing thou wert sad,
Would laughing come and bid thy heart be glad.
Such were thy friends amid the templed hills
Of fair Italia.

So mem'ry fills

The hour with silent grief and speechless pain
That none shall know thy comradeship again.
We miss thy courtly mien, the youthful eye,
Thy bounding fellowship and honor high.
Thou wert a man, a gentleman, and none
E'er knew thee but to love; a noble son,
True to a worthy name, a father's pride,
Faithful to home did'st thou always abide.
None loved his friends with prouder love or zeal
Or laboured more to serve their wish and weal.
The old boys of thy happy college days
Hold thee in dear esteem; thy manly ways,
Upright and clean, are mem'ry's treasured gift.
To those of younger days thou did'st uplift
The cordial teacher heart, the scholar's fame,—
True reverence, the worth of wisdom's name.
And little children felt, at sight of thee,
A kinship in thy cheer and sympathy.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Thy heart humane did'st know and love full well
The dog and horse; though speechless could they
tell

To thee their tale of injury or woe;
Intuitively did'st thou feel and know
Their thoughts and needs, and lavishly bestow
Thy praise and providence, did'st ever throw
About their life a friendly hand and word
They understood, and answered when they heard.
Thy petted steed loved well his gentle friend
And happy did he seem could he but spend
An evening out with thee. Poor speechless
thing,

With none to know his language or to bring
His master home!

The master heart hath fled,
His latin tongue is still, the master dead!
The voice that made thy little home is stilled,
The cherished dream of love lies unfulfilled;
About thy home doth mourn the nestling pine
And crave in vain the homeward step of thine.
Too soon thou goest to thy well-earned rest
And leavest all the pathways thou hast blessed.
Rest on! deep in the wildwood shalt thou dwell
'Mid sunshine and the birds thou loved'st well.
Thy Master kind hath led thee to thy sleep,

SONG AND DREAM

But in our lives thy name is planted deep;
Thy mother college raises o'er thy grave
For all the fond devotion which you gave
The mother words, "Here lies an honored son;
He laboured well, his faithful work is done."

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Junetime on the Hills

THE heavy dew lies on the vale,
The breath of summer steals
Along the shadowed woodland slopes
And out across the wealds.
The blackberry is clad in bloom,
The mockingbird with trills
Is caroling to all the world
“ ’Tis Junetime on the hills.”

O wake and feel the boundless charm
That cometh with the morn,
Where dew-kissed flowers bow and smile
And peace broods o’er the corn.
The cowbells tinkle down the vale,
The world with music fills,
And every creature spreads the news
Of Junetime on the hills.

SONG AND DREAM

The Easter Hope

SEPULCHRAL darkness hid the sun,
 Rent was the temple veil;
It seemed that ancient death had won
 And prophecy must fail.
O shattered band of faithful hearts,
 O bruised hopes forlorn!
The glory of the earth departs,
 The light of heaven gone.

Pierced were His hands, His feet, His side,
 Ten thousand times His heart,
To see Jerusalem deride,
 To feel the traitor's dart.
Well might the skies in darkness frown
 On that dread day of gloom,
Well might the mountains stagger down
 And seal man's earthly doom.

“Forgive them, Father, for they know
 Not what they do,” He said;
Thus did the Prince of Heaven go
 The way of all the dead.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

O shameful cross of Calvary,
O mad Jerusalem;
O craven court of mockery
And rabble vile and grim!

Silent within the rock-built tomb
The Prince of Heaven lay,
And barred and sealed that dismal room,
Stern Romans guard the way.
Must earthly life lose all its charms,
The soul its sweet belief,
Nor Moses, Prophets, nor the Psalms
Could heal the spirit's grief?

Forth from behind those darkened hills
Sprang everlasting light;
Eternal hope forever fills
The gloom of yesternight.
O glorious dawn of Easter morn
Bewildered world to free,
Where faithful devotees, earthworn,
Find immortality.

SONG AND DREAM

The Fields of Home

O YOUNG and bright and happy, gladsome days,
Could I call back your sunny, care-free ways
And live again those full and timeless hours
That ended 'mid the hush of evening bowers
So cool and peaceful, sweetened with the dew
And woodland song that only nighttime knew!
Could I look out and see the great moon rise
And marvel how she climbed the stepless skies,
And dream again those fair dreams of my youth
And revel in the beauty of a truth
New-born and wondrous, where a widening world
Each day new glory and new dreams unfurled!
O stern and serious Time loose thou the cords
And turn me back with kind assuring words
To those fair days again and let me be
A wand'rer through those fields so fair and free,
Where breath of clover rode upon the breeze
And busy songbirds tenanted the trees;
Where jolly playmates coming up the lane
Would greet me with a joy almost profane,

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

And climbing o'er the treach'rous old rail fence
Would join me with a satisfying sense
Of well-earned leisure!

Onward would we stroll
O'er ditch and bramble, on through wooded knoll
And down the shadowed hillside to the creek
So filled with every creature shy and sleek;
Where all the livelong day no thought of time
Could hurry our young feet from mud and slime;
Till nightfall and the thought of storied witch
Would drive us back o'er bramble and o'er ditch
To where the home lights beckoned o'er the hill,
And the home call of the dear old whip-poor-will
Would bring us all with boyish appetite
To supertime and stories of the night.

O Father Time, I pray thee let me roam
Back to the fields and friends of that dear home
And hear those voices, feel the boyish thrill
I knew in that dear home upon the hill!

SONG AND DREAM

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The Light of the World

O GOD of all the heaven and earth
Look down on us tonight
And point us to that manger birth
Where shines a holy light!
Let not our feet forget the way
Believing shepherds trod,
But follow till the dawn of day
The light that leads to God.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

In Memory of Colonel George Washington Flowers

SON of the South, and lover of his land,
Who led her stalwart sons with brave com-
mand
And cast away the after-sting of hate,—
A patriarch in home, in church, in state,
To all of which high honor did he bear
And blessed them with a record high and fair,—
Nobility was moulded on his brow,
His manly voice doth call us even now
To things of high estate. Like some great oak
That towers on a hill where lightnings broke
To find it unafraid, unmoved, unshorn,
When stormy night had brought the quiet
morn,—
On such a summit did his figure stand,
A sturdy watchguard o'er his chosen land.
Amid the councils of his fellowman
Erect and stalwart vigil who could scan

SONG AND DREAM

The smooth and devious ways of bribe and whip
Yet walk the bleak highways of statesmanship.

To him the world was ever young and he

Was young of heart; his cheek bore blushingly
The cherry-stain of youth. He loved us all,
Our running-track, our tennis and our ball.

Lover of all our sports, our faithful friend

And steadfast patron, watching to the end
The fall or rise of chances in the game
And ever jealous for our luck or fame.

With manner gracious, chaste of tongue, sincere,

With upright guarded step that knew no fear,
He gave us silent lectures as he passed
And lived for us the finer things that last.

Such princely life, to those who bear his name
Is rich inheritance and honored fame.

The city felt a pride, a sense of wealth,
Uplifting ownership and rugged health
To have his manly presence on her street
To move where citizen and stranger meet;
'Twas strength and courage to our rising youth
To see him walk the ways of simple truth.

On Sabbath morn our faith grew strong the while

We watched him pass adown the temple aisle.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Thus was his life high-minded and serene,
Of pleasant courtliness and quiet mien;

A colonel of the olden time was he
With gentle and commanding gallantry.

Such might our generation seek to be
In naked worth and fine simplicity.

Most worthy nobleman, whose loyalty, whose
love,

Whose willing helpfulness will ever move
Our hearts to feel the debt for such as he
And bear his life in gracious memory!

Think not he walks no more these pleasant ways
Forgotten to the men of coming days,

For memory hath chiseled with her knife
A living, moving statue of his life.

SONG AND DREAM

The Easter Song

AH, FORWARD to this glorious morn
Looked dreary ages long
To catch the vision, heavenborn,
And hear the Easter song!
Prophetic were the hopes that swelled
The yearning breast of man,
For through the far years he beheld
What faith alone could span.

Now backward to that hallowed morn
The countless millions turn
To catch the echoes that were born
Where tear-stained raptures burn.
Let all the hearts that fill the earth
Join with that countless throng
And hail the day that brought the birth
Of hope's glad Eastern song!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Christmas Night

O HAPPY, holy hallowed night
So dear to all the earth,
Whose memories grow ever bright
Of that world-centered birth !
How every glad heart strangely burns
Beneath thy star-built light,
When the far-spent year in rapture turns
To Christmas Night !

Light all the earth, O eastern star,
Live on, O angel song !
Let wise men journey from afar
In ever widening throng.
Beyond earth's gladsome Christmas tree,
Children of wild delight,
Behold the Gift to you and me
On Christmas Night !

SONG AND DREAM

The Wealth of the Poor

THIS is thy world. The meadows green,
Triumphant song of bird,
The morning fields in dewy sheen,
The hills that clouds begird ;
The stars that run an ancient round
That poets loved and left,
Shall be thy wealth, serene, unbound, —
O man of hope bereft !

The winds, and ocean's endless lash,
The clouds that o'er thee fly,
The thunders, born of lightning's flash —
The land, the sea, the sky ;
These are thine own unwearying wealth,
The thrill of each new day,
The gift no hand shall seize by stealth,
No law can take away.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

The Winter Wind

WHO cometh here, thou vandal bold,
Ice-hearted, ruthless, bleak and cold,
From yonder northern ice-built throne
To claim so lightly as thine own
The lovely things that summer knew
And all she heired from springtime too !
 You drove the songbirds from the fields
 And seized the breath the flower yields,
You hushed the music of the stream
And broke the peace of autumn dream ;
 The honey-bee and butterfly
 In terror fled when you came nigh ;
The leaves all fluttered through the wood
And hid from thee as best they could ;
 The summer clouds float drear and dry
 When thy dread form goes stalking by.
The countenance of lake and pond
Grew stonelike 'neath thy waving wand ;
 You lock the rivers and the bays
 And send the ships through distant ways ;
The mossy banks of ditch and road
Reared icy fingers as you strode

SONG AND DREAM

O'er copse and glen and fern-clad dell,
And marred their life with your dire spell;
And heaven's eyes glint cold and blue
And gaze afar with awe at you.

You sent Jack Frost as secret spy
To tell you where our treasures lie;
'Tis thy delight to shriek and roar
And hear the children slam the door;
The pine trees murmur at thy voice,
There's not a cricket to rejoice,
The whole world shudders at thy sound;
Thy cold tread freezes all the ground.

What bold intrigue dost thou forswear
To leave thy frigid, ice-bound lair
And stalk the highways of our land
To smite us with thy tyrant hand?

So spake the child. The wind replied,
When he had heard, and gently sighed:
“You do me wrong, my hasty child,
For though I come from regions wild
I am thy friend, I bring no harm;
Though cold, I bring a heart that's warm.
I am the king of cheer and health
And own the store of winter wealth.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

I drive away the scorching heat
And bring new strength to weary feet;
I paint the earth with glist'ning snow
And hang the ice-lace as I go;
I give the sky the glowing red
And chant night-songs about your bed;
I build a fire in every home
And give the night its ruddy gloam;
I bring the popcorn, nuts and fruit,
The voice of violin and flute
Around the happy evening fires,
And stories of the old grandsires;
I bring glad laughter as I pass
And warm the hearts of lad and lass;
The mistletoe and Christmas-tree
And yuletide lights all come with me.
I put wild joy and glad surprise
Into the little children's eyes;
I send the sleighbells o'er the hills
And bring the stockings Santa fills.
The candy-stew and quilting-bee
And merry crowds all follow me."

"O pardon, sir," the young voice said;
"In truth, kind sir, I am afraid

SONG AND DREAM

I saw you with unseeing eyes;
You walk the earth in fine disguise;
Henceforth your goodness I shall sing
In praises worthy of a king;
Your ice-clad heart is warm and kind,
Long live my friend, the winter wind.”

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Toilers of the Dust

LOOK up, look up, ye swarthy men,
Ye grinders of the dust,
With eyes lured by the siren earth,
Forgetful of your nobler birth;
Look up to yonder hills!

Stand up, O man, and lift thine eyes,
Be still and lend thine ears!
The birds are caroling the morn,
The green is passing from the corn;
Hie then unto the hills.

Why seek alone the taste of bread,
What ails thine appetite?
Why trail the dust and count the cost
While near thee stand forever lost
Majestic, cloud-built hills?

Come sing a song and dream a dream,
Away with earthward care!
Insensible to whispering skies,
The sunset's passing from thine eyes
Over the burning hills.

SONG AND DREAM

Let no low-hanging evening star
Nor foot-tread of the dew
Elude thy list'ning, quiv'ring string;
Shut from thy soul no beauteous thing:
 Watch thou upon the hills.

O men who burn the hurried flame,
Lured by the lucre lust,
Go take the poisoning gold of thine,
Go fling it to the chastening Rhine
 And mount God's virgin hills.

Ye men who tent the silent heights,
Who ken the sweeping worlds,
Call out to those who toil and must
To lift their vision from the dust
 And look unto the hills!

*

To Mother

SWEET tender watcher of our younger days
And faithful guardian of our far-spent
ways,
Thou gentle mother soul, why hast thou fled ?
Dear heart, we scarce can feel that thou art dead,
So close to us thy vigil, angel eyes,
Thou seemest not in God's far-distant skies,
But still dost follow, lookest to our needs ;
The hungry heart still harkens back and feeds
Upon those precious years. As morning dews
Upon a thirsty sod, our life renews
Its lilt and hope with memory of thee
While thou did'st share this brief mortality.
Still can we hear, from those far-distant days
The sleep-lull of the crib and happy lays,
The foot-tread through the dimly-burning light
To add a quilt on cold December night ;
If in the dark did'st hear the childish cry
'Twas thy dear hand that lulled the frightened
sigh ;
And if thy little one, sleepless or sick

SONG AND DREAM

Should breathe thy name, watchful and quick
Did'st thou bend o'er the little crib again
To lift thy precious one and soothe the pain.
In boyhood days 'twas still thy tireless hand
That healed the bruise or stitched the tazzled
band;
With mother pride you wrapped the lunch for
school,
Kissed us and bade us break no golden rule;
Through ripening years thy love and counsel
sweet
Gave us a heart our daily tasks to meet.
When years had fled and all thine own had left
The mother home and mother heart bereft,—
Still could we hear, through shadows of the night
The lullaby that kept youth's paths so bright.

Could we but know, when all the earth is glad
How soon the heart must bleed, forlorn and sad,
For those who journeyed with us side by side,
And e'er the journey's end grew faint and died!
Could we but hear those far-off bells and know
That dear ones soon should hear the call and go
To join the music of a distant shore
And journey with their comrades nevermore,
How we should cherish every sacred hour
And bind our friendships with a deathless power

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Of sweet communion, sympathy and love
Akin to that which angels know above!
O mother heart, you gave unto the world
Its love and tenderness, and hast unfurled
Its mysteries of Godly sacrifice!
By simple trust, and by thy sweet device
Thou hast lent everywhere unto the earth
A lasting glory and a sacred worth.
Upon a white peak, with thy teardrops wet,
A fountain of forgiveness thou hast set;
And every sister, every manly brother
Adores the life or memory of mother.
Thou art the dearest gift of this brief life,
The shrine of every husband, every wife;
In wisdom's place, or on the savage tongue
Immortal tribute to thy name is sung.
Brave chivalry, and manly courtesy
Leap forth in noble pride at sound of thee;
High reverence and sweet humility
Were born with thee, and our nobility.
You gave the world its hope, its faith, its song,
And all its sacred prayers to thee belong.
Where'er the angel hand of mother comes
She blesses man and fills the earth with homes,-
Ah, hallowed home! how shines its radiant
throne,

SONG AND DREAM

So clustered with the best the world hath known !
And in the world the task to her is given
To cradle it and rear it close to heaven.

So ever thus we bless thy sacred name
And add our tribute to thy dauntless fame ;
And though in bitter tears you left us here
To spend our days without you, mother dear,
Our lives shall bear the impress of your blessing,
The comfort of your mother arms caressing ;
And through the quiet of your trusting way
We catch the vision of the coming day.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

When I Hear the Robin Sing

O I'M glad to see the robin
With high head and fleetsome wing
O'er the upturned new-ground bobbin'
As if looking for the spring!
His cheery voice breathes animation
And there's sunshine on his breast
As he roams the whole plantation
With an old friend's eager zest.

O'er the hills the fields are smoking
Where the war-god's winds go by;
Along the marsh the frogs are croaking
And I know that spring is nigh;
For the violet is peeping
At the winter frost, so shy,
And the crocus heads are leaping
Towards the springtime of the sky.

On sunny slopes the plant-beds glisten
And the earth yields to the plow;
Anxiously I stand and listen
With a yearning on my brow;

SONG AND DREAM

For my heart with hope is flushing
As I hear the robin sing
Where the maple trees are blushing
'Neath the maiden touch of spring.

O its long since last we parted
In the chill October days,
When with shrill, wild note you started
Towards the warmth of southern ways;
And I'm glad the fields are burning
And the insect finds his wing,
For I know the north wind's turning
When I hear the Robin sing.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Ye Bards of Greece and Rome

SPIRITS of a glorious age and art,
Majestic on yon ancient heights you stand !
Enduring admiration ye command,
The zeal of every eager, longing heart.
Unto the ages did your souls impart
A vision splendid and a promise grand.
But lo ! forgotten is your beauteous land,
Unsung your songs within the busy mart.
Be patient, O ye men of changeless worth !
Until our age can fell its forests fair ;
With garnered grain can store the ports of earth
And start its wingèd monsters of the air.
And surfeited, another age's birth
Shall draw the veil, and glory shall ye wear.

SONG AND DREAM

Uncle Jack

(For long years a faithful college janitor)

EAR to the heart of Trinity
Was Uncle Jack;
Soul of fine fidelity
Though he was black.
With loyal heart, devoted, true,
He did his tasks as heroes do
And made a friend of all who knew
This good old man.

He taught us what we strive to find
In learned halls,—
A stalwart faith, a fear that's blind
When duty calls.
He has built a manly fame,
Lived a life that knew no blame;
Generations love the name
Of Uncle Jack.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

He walked in plain humility
With grateful heart;
With courteous gentility
He played his part.
Rugged pattern of the brave,
High devotedness he gave;
A noble man doth fill the grave
Of Uncle Jack.

God's Mountains

M ADE in Thine own great matchless way,
Thy pond'rous thoughts of yesterday,
Thy vulcan hand did pile them high
Until they whispered to the sky.
Fearless and bold they lift their head,
Calm, unafraid of lightning's dread,
Peak list'ning to peak in peace sublime,
Forgetful of distance and heedless of time ,
Slow, desert-like caravan in far-away haze
Trailing a pathway so ancient of days,
Rising and bending in unending tramp,
Lifting the stars for their twilight lamp ;
Mute monsters from ages primeval, and proud
That they bulwark the sea and cradle the cloud ;
Immovable sentinels guarding the earth
And dreaming of ages that brought them to
birth ;
Communing with heaven yet one with the sod,
Akin to the earth and yet living with God.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Music

I HOPE when all our songs are ended here
And silent stand the halls and templed
choirs;

When trembling dies the breath of earthly lyres
That often brought the full, unbidden tear;
When all the tongues that kept the old earth glad
And kept her pathways carefree and so bright
Through toilsome days and through the darksome
night,

And brought sweet solace where the heart was
sad;—

I hope when music shall have quit the earth,
Her last sweet dying notes by angels borne
Shall echo back to that glad primal morn
Where music 'mid the angels had her birth.

SONG AND DREAM

Another Page

THOU patient Watcher of the buried years
And of the years to be; who see'st the rage
And tumult of a fierce and furious age,
Forgive our haste, forgive our trembling fears!
With childlike grief and bitterness of tears
We ask Thee for a new, an unstained page.
Let naught but records high henceforth engage
Our fateful pen; give us the faith that rears
Our little lives to mountain lands, that throws
A grandeur o'er the task we do, and lifts
Above the thorn the **glory of the rose**;
That through the shadows sees the hopeful rifts
That patience in her labored waiting knows
When last she comes with all her gleaming gifts.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

To Shakespeare

A GAIN returns the month that saw you go,
The fairy month of greensward and bright
flowers
Where nymphs and fairies chase these hearts of
ours
Through shaded dells where scented blossoms
grow.
With master heart and genius thou did'st show
Unto the world the fine and subtle powers
Of laughter, song and merry jest. But lo!
No more they feel the health of fairy hours.
Thou denizen of every age and tongue,
Bring back thy train of creatures, fancy-born,
And make our frenzied hearts cheerful and
young,
Forgetful of their cursed cares, ageworn!
Eternal youth dwells where thy creatures sung
And on thy green care's grimy locks are shorn.

SONG AND DREAM

Song and Dream

'TIS not the power of might and brawn
That shapes the plastic earth,
But ye who sing and ye who dream
Shall see creation's birth.
The light that spreads o'er all the world
Springs from your tuneful breath,
And surging through a mystic past
Your tongue shall fear no death.
Ye hold the music of the stars,—
Sing on! sing on! and dream!

The portals of the universe
Rise from your subtle power
And leap to beauty as the night
Builds silently the flower.
Your tongues have caught immortal strains,
Your souls have touched a chord;
O tuneful tongues, O vibrant souls,
Lose not thy golden word!
Silence no rapturous bar or rhyme,—
Sing on! sing on! and dream!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Ye souls who lift the world with song
And keep it young with dream,
Who strike the harps of melody
And trail the holy gleam,
Sweep forth as some vast organ strain
Across the strings of time;
Exalt the earth with hallowed breath
Of music and of rhyme.
Ye bring the angels close to man,—
Sing on! sing on! and dream!

Far in the dark beginnings vast,
Gigantic, shapeless, still,
It was the dream of Alpha,—
The ocean, sky and hill.
The psalm of God, the dream of life
Leapt out across the world
And angels sang when they beheld
The glory there unfurled.
O son of dreams! O child of song!
Dream on! dream on! and sing.

SONG AND DREAM

To Little Routh

HE'S gone, and even mother's plea
Can never bring her back
From out God's great eternity
So distant and so black!

O dimpled cheek and dimpled arm!
O childish, trusting eye!
Could even Monster Death do harm
When little children cry?

And yet she cried, and Death did seize
My child, so lily-pure;
Nor all the strength of earth could ease
The pain she must endure.

O helpless earth! O shameless Death!
When little children cry
And lift their little hands for breath,
And helpless, have to die!

The anguish of a mother's heart,
A father's speechless pain,—
To see a clinging child depart,
And love's endurance vain!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

When by my study fire at night
I watch the flames and dream,
I see her in the evening light
A sweet angelic gleam.

I loved to watch the wild delight
Flash from those baby eyes
Whene'er she caught the glorious sight
Of open doors and skies.

She loved her little hat and cloak
The great outdoors and flowers,
And all the little words she spoke
Were treasured pearls of ours.

The little clothes are laid away
All made by mother's hand,
And little brother has to play
Along the lonely sand.

Somewhere amid the silent stars
Her baby spirit rose,
And we are left behind the bars
With grief God only knows.

O could I call her back to earth
Not for my baby's sake,
But for the hearts that miss the mirth
That baby used to make.

SONG AND DREAM

Could we but know, could we but love
As our poor hearts have yearned,
Ere to that spirit land above
Our precious ones have turned !

Life's happy half was spent in dreams
Of happy days to be,
When joy looks out and gladness seems
As endless as the sea.

Life's sadder half then leads us back
To dwell in memory,
And then into that erstwhile track
To God's eternity.

But there I hope to clasp my child ;
I must, 'twould not be heaven
Could not this ceaseless longing wild
Such comfort there be given.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

The Hope that Dieth Not

THERE must be a land where a joyous toil
Waits the touch of the tireless hand,
Where the flowers of earth in a heavenly soil
Shall hallow that glorified land;
Where thorn groweth not and the tares never
spoil —
For we toil and we toil and we toil.

O beautiful land of a fadeless dream
That hath lighted the pathway of man
And beckoned him on with a gladdening gleam
That encircled his earthly span!
It must be even as it doth seem —

For we dream and we dream and we dream.

O musical land of an endless song,
Of a chord never lost to the world,
Whose notes ever sound as a mammoth world
gong
And on through the ages are hurled!
There must be a heaven to which we cling —
For we sing and we sing and we sing.

SONG AND DREAM

There must be a land where our hope cometh
true,
Where the lights everlasting are burning;
Where we come within reach of the grail we
pursue,
For which human hearts have been yearning;
There must be a light 'yond the dark path we
gropé —
For we hope and we hope and we hope.

There must be a land of unfaltering love
Where the heart is as true as the stars;
Where a merciful balm shall forever remove
From the bosom its wounds and its scars;
Where an infinite love rules the blue sky above —
For we love and we love and we love.

Beyond the far-distant horizon way,
Beyond our earth sight and earth ken,
There must be a land with a glorious day
And the white angels singing "Amen;"
There must be a land where the great God doth
stay —
For we pray and we pray and we pray.

There must be a land where the good never die,
Where sin never calls us to save;

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Where the heart never fills with a sorrowful
sigh,—
A land never scarred with a grave.
There must be a land where no death cometh
nigh—
For we die and we die and we die.

SONG AND DREAM

To the Library

SET for the years, with sturdy, stately mien,
Thou lookest out upon our nation's life
And seemeth glad that 'gainst the blightful
strife
Of ignorance thou can't toil, silent, serene.
Amid the culture of thy large demesne . . .
Lift thou the growing mind to regions rife
With universal truth. With heartless knife
Prune thou the clinging shackles and make clean
Our thought; but let not wrinkled knowledge
chill
Appreciation's glow. Unto the mind
New beauty wake; let human thought grow still
The bolder; build ambition large; but bind
High knowledge to a childlike heart that will
Revere almighty God and love mankind.

Our Little Tribe

TWO little girls and one little boy
Make our life a round of joy,
Thirteen and eight and six were they
When they passed the last birthday.
Four little lives to us were given,
But one day God took one to heaven.
Our hearts were then weighed down with sorrow
And each day brought a sad tomorrow.

As days passed by God gave us power
To bear the pain of such an hour.
With violet, buttercup and rose
We walked the path where sorrow goes
To that little spot upon the hill
Where teardrops bathe the daffodil,
And there with tender thoughts and flowers
We lived again her childish hours.

But God and these are left us still,
And she that sleeps upon the hill
Hath bound us all in stronger tie
Because God took her to the sky.

SONG AND DREAM

Dear little hearts of childish ways,
Stars of our nights, light of our days,
With skates and wheels and dolls and toys
To fill your hours with tireless joys,
We join you in your wild delight
And back to childhood days so bright
We fly the kite and toss the ball
And hear those childish voices call —
Ah! only three call us from nigh,
The other calls us to the sky.

The Court Supreme

FULL oft the soul, oppressed, doth pant and yearn
For reign of justice, order and the right,
As seen and known in heaven's unerring light.
Full oft the sad and wearied eye would turn
From warped and fettered courts of men, and spurn
Their sordid judgment and their selfish sight.
But thou, O God, dost stand with matchless might
Behind man's blinded judgment, dost discern
The far-hid motive's birth. O joy that thou
Dost justice love! One wrong forgot would crash
Thy universe. No thunderbolt need plough
The earth to make thy justice known; the flash
Of heaven doth come with every inward vow,
Or bitter blight, the sting, the hellish lash.

SONG AND DREAM

The End of Day

O THE thousands we meet in the hurrying
street
Have something within the heart
That lightens the load
On the toil-trodden road
And whispers a better part!

O I know not where the hard burdens they bear
Will rest when the night comes on!
But away from the street
There's a refuge sweet
When the thoughts of the day are gone.

It may be a roof from the wide world aloof,
A cot and a fire called home;
But it shuts out the pain
And the grim thought of gain
And the glare of the vaunted dome.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

There may be some friend at the journey's end
That quickens the homeward trail,
That throws a glad light
Down the dark of the night
And a heart that shall never fail.

It may be the mild tender heart of a child,
Or the love of a brave, dear wife,
That hallows the way
Of a hard-fought day
With the smile of a patient life.

It may be a place just to bury the face,
A plain but a dear old chair,
With a bit of green sod
And the sweet voice of God
Through the still of a lonely prayer.

O the life of a sigh where the fond hopes die
And despair and dead dreams stay,
Shall see the home light
'Mid the hush of the night
Akindling the end of day!

SONG AND DREAM

The Old Farm Home

FAR yonder where the dark-top pines
 Float level in a sea of blue,
Where dreamy smoke retires and lines
 The tree-tops with a pallid hue;
Often there my thoughts are turning,
 Gladly would I cease all learning
Could I but fulfill this yearning
 Old Home for thee.

I can see the old-time dwelling
 Standing with an ancient mien,
All its walls and columns telling
 Of a splendor now unseen.
On the hill the oak-tops looming,
 In the sun the flow'rs are blooming
And distill their sweet perfuming
 Old Home for thee.

Weather-beaten is thy covering,
 On thy side the moss hath crept;
Twitt'ring swallows gayly hovering
 O'er the chimneys now unkept.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Boldly stands thy massive form,
Defying still the raging storm,
And my love grows ever warm
 Old Home for thee.

Once was heard the healthy laughter
In the first fresh hours of morn,
And no slumberer lingered after
Once had winked the eye of dawn.
Joy there was in tilling soil,
Sweet contentment followed toil
And unknown was life's turmoil
 Old Home with thee.

When flickers evening sun to gloom
The cowboys o'er the meadows roam
And through the valley's wild perfume
The cows come drifting slowly home.
Far adown the vale rings out
The careless cowboy's mellow shout
And all things wend their homeward route
 Old Home to thee.

When at last the week was done,
Came the day of holy rest,
Father, mother, daughter, son
Sought the old church to be blest.

SONG AND DREAM

There the truth was simply told,
The same old story as of old,
And it did more love unfold
Old Home in thee.

In the pensive afternoon
When the leaves forgot their hold,
Each with the other did commune
And each that fell a story told ;
Then came the social talk of neighbors
Talking of their rugged labors,
Not of strife and bloody sabres —
Old Home of thee.

When the hours were speeding fast
And the fire was growing low,
When each flicker seemed the last
And dying embers faint did glow ;
Then the Holy Book was read,
From each heart a prayer said
And each, happy, went to bed
Old Home in thee.

Today the basement's bare and still,
Some spirit lurketh in its gloom,
And the spider spins at will
With no hand to stay its loom.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Up the winding stairs I wander,
At the top I halt and ponder,
And I wish for those up yonder,
 Old Home for thee.

But years ago they left us here
To run the world as we might choose;
The old farm home they held so dear
Was left for us to keep and use.
But now we walk the busy street
With worried brain and wearied feet
And ever crave that dear retreat
 Old Home with thee.

O let me breathe the generous air
And feel the wildwoods course my veins,
There I can pray a natural prayer
'Mid universal choral strains.
And on that same familiar scene
Where first set forth my life serene
O may my soul this vesture wean
 Old Home from thee!

SONG AND DREAM

Non Omnis Moriar

COME, weary Soul! let not the course of earth
Fret thy life; revive thy sullen spirits!
Oft will the thoughtless age bedim
Thy countenance, and in thy secret ease
Oft wilt thou breathe a deep-drawn sigh
To start the world anew.
But come, live on! thou art a princely heir!
Therein the world will ever envy thee
And ever be a variance with thy life.
But labor on, and only be thou true;
For earth can never know but half
Of what thou wast, and even that
It cannot understand. Some friend in tears
Will say that thou wert brave
And duty thy delight. Be that enough;
Some day thou shalt behold
The purple of Elysian fields,
And glim'ring stars that through
The silent tramp of years
Have glinted dimly o'er thy head unknown,
May smile and whisper soft
Well-done, Eternity!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

To Mamma

A H! 'TIS a box from home, I said,
A letter by its side,
Whose lines with eager eyes were read
And with a loving pride.

The box I bared with joy supreme,
And 'neath the top there lay
Rich roses, red and white and cream
In beautiful array.

Then in a cup arranged with care
Each floret found its room;
Their rich aroma filled the air,
Their smiles repressed all gloom.

Meek couriers of love so true,
I hold you doubly dear,
Because the hand that nourished you
Is my chief helper here.

Had I but speech, ah then my tongue
Thy beauty should declare;
Thy sweetness should not die unsung,
Thou queen of flowers fair.

SONG AND DREAM

But O I feel 'twere better paid
In my allotted days
To see and feel what God hath made
Than dream of pleasant lays.

'Tis strange to me that there should be
In God's fair world of flowers,
One single soul that fails to see
The glories which are ours.

Beneath thy loveliness, sweet rose,
There grows a piercing thorn,
And yet thy face with gladness glows
As though 'twere never born.

Enwrapped within thy tender folds
God's own thoughts hidden lie;
Still in thy form mine eye beholds
A sweet humility.

Hadst thou been born 'mid desert air,
Thy loveliness unknown,
The world should still thy sweetness share
On wandering zephyr blown.

Thy stained petals soon must fade,
Thy sweetness die away;
But deep in my life thou hast laid
An influence that shall stay.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

And I could choose brief days as you,
To leave a fragrant breath,
Than to my mission prove untrue
When years should close in death.

Then forward from this happy hour
In hope I do confide,
That as the pure life of this flower
My own may e'er abide.

SONG AND DREAM

Jes Keep Yer Heart Ready Fer T' Sing

WHAT diffunce do it make if yer skin am
black?

Jes keep yer heart ready fer 't sing;
Don't kerry it eroun' like a load on yer back
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
When de agertater says dat you's treated wrong
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing;
When he says you's a whole lot better dan yer
song
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
When de polertishun says dat you orter have a
job
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing;
When he pities yer condishun wid a great big
sob
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Whut good it gwine ter do fer to hab de blues
Case yer kaint be a gub'ner or a king?
Jes go erlong and smile case your chillun got
shoes

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Jes go erlong and ride in de Jim Crow khar
 An don' ax a nigger fer a thing;
Jes look at de sweet-taters growin' over dar,—
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Ef yer sees a nigger swingin' from a big oak lim
 Jes wait twel de judgment bells ring;
Don' lose yer own 'ligion like de folks who mur-
 dered him,
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Ef de Augus' sun am hot and de row am long
 Jes think uv dat cool, sweet spring;
Jes cheer de swetin' mule wid a whis'lin' song,—
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Dere's niggers in de East an niggers in de Wes'
 An niggers to de Norf dey bring;
But de nigger in de Souf is de nigger dat's bes',—
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Nigger I don' keer if yer lip grows thick
 An yer hair twis' eroun' like er spring;
De white man'll help yer when yer bones git sick,
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.
Let er white soul shine thu de coal black skin,
 Buil' er home whar de honeysuckles cling;
When a po' nigger falls jes pick 'im up agin,—
 Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.

SONG AND DREAM

Dere's a great day er comin' fer de white and de
black
When de chariot low shall swing;
Dere's a bright light a-shinin' thu de heb'nly
erack
Jes keep yer heart ready fer t' sing.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

The Ancient Road

FAR back adown the hazy years
Grandfather's face I see;
His stalwart form and kindly face
Still lend a strength to me.

Ah well do I remember how
He toiled and planned and dreamed
And lived for those he reared and loved,—
How beautiful it seemed.

And then when beautiful old age
Wove a halo round his head,
How sad my heart when first I heard
The grand old man was dead.

And then through long years by my side
My dear old father walked;
I still can hear the father voice
As at eventide we talked.

SONG AND DREAM

Through summer days when toil was hard,
Through winter rains and snow
He thought of me, he lived for me
That I might worthy grow.

Then unto him called Master Time
From down the long, dim way;
My heart again was taught to bleed
When father went away

And now I tread the age-worn path
A dear son at my side;
I toil and love, for soon 'twill be
The stars and eventide.

Ah, whither starts this ancient road
With ancient signals marked?
How many erstwhile eager feet
Along its ways embarked!

And ever thus the road leads on
O'er mountain top and vale
And no man knows the end thereof
Where it meets the ocean sail.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

O God what means this glad sunshine
And then the sad, still moon!
What means this breath of buoyant morn
And then the dark so soon!

O grant us faith to calm the soul
Along a way unknown,
A manly faith to leave the world,—
A mem'ry for our own.

SONG AND DREAM

Reproof

THE world hath simmered down ; all fact'ry
wheels
Have hushed their heavy hum, and twilight
comes
To bring me peaceful rest. Across the hills
How sweet to stroll, to feel and deeply breathe
The freshness of the dying day, and watch
With swelling soul the grandly marshalled line
Of colors bright that blend and paint the sky —
To see the cloud-built isles that gorgeous stand
Amidst the boundless lake of mystic gold !
Now slowly fades the sheen of light that spread
Such splendor 'round this dazzling land of
dreams,
And all is gone !
Back to the quiet quarters of my room
I stroll with random step and dreamy thoughts.
As I revert and call fond mem'ry forth
From hazy haunts where once she had her
being ;
When breathing low I hear her rustling wings

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

And in a glancee survey the winding road
O'er which my life hath slowly crept its way,
Unbidden steals a prayer from out my heart,—
A gratitude that through the shadowed ways
My life hath moved untouched by sudden harm,
And coming forth to sunlit places clear
Can see some distance gained. But far ahead
More brightly gleams the sun; a richer air
Surrounds the place; mayhaps thou'st traveled
well,

O Life, but coulds't have gained that higher
ground;

But on thy way so oft hast thou forgot
And dallied long with trifles at thy side.
Full often hast thou erred, O stupid Life!
Yet not so much in being what thou wast,
But failing in the choice of higher things
That lay within thy grasp. For this repent;
And so in days to come, when outward powers
Would lead thee blindly forth to walk astray,
Then stop, give ear to that the frailer man
That shouts from far within thy calmer self,
Where seated high o'er all, with vision clear,
It views the world of action, sees the best,
And cries "Accept!" so live by duty blest.

SONG AND DREAM

In the New-Ground

TODAY I'm dreaming of the woodlands
Lying still in restful ease,
Where the gentle warmth of sunshine
Floats upon the sleepy breeze.
There the toiler greets the morning
'Neath the trees that span the hill,
E'er the sunshine paints the heavens,
And the stars are dreaming still.

Here and there the trees are falling
And a richness fills the air,
And the smoke is lightly curling
From the brushwood's lively glare.
But the toiler feels a sadness
As he clears the trees away,
For evermore there'll be a strangeness,
And things forget their younger day.

'Neath the cedar in the hedgerow
Rests the bucket in the shade,
With its cooling waters waiting
For the thirst that toil hath made.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

By its side the rugged worker
Lays his long-worn, homely coat,
And with stout heart braves the long day
With a song of homely note.

From yon treetop in the distance
Bare and splintered 'gainst the sky,
Sweeps a robin with a shrill note
Wild and parting, ere it fly.
Toward the new-ground swiftly steering,
Soon it launches, light and free,
Then with lonesome look and pensive
Stately stands with dignity.

Dear old robin, neat and trim,
Playmate of the country child,
Stepping all the livelong day
O'er the hillsides fresh and wild,
Well the toiler loves your presence,
Loves your stately, cheerful look,
As you lift an honest head up
From some quiet, sunny nook.

All the sunny hours you linger
'Round the mellow, new-burnt fields,
In your soft and pleasing plumage
Harbinger of blooming wealds.

SONG AND DREAM

And we grieve the time that cometh
When no more your cheery chimes
Can be heard about the new-ground —
When you steer for other climes.

When the shim'ring twilight cometh
Like the last faint, fading note
Of some anthem stealing sweetly
O'er a noiseless breeze afloat.
Far to the rooky hillside rest
The robin wings his dusky flight;
With coat on arm the tired toiler
Whispers to his fields "Goodnight."

The Day That Is

DEAR Life, 'tis well for thee, when strolling
back

Through vernal woods, where once with leisure
sweet

Thou lingered'st long, to see engrafted there
And deep ingrown, some things that make thee
yearn

To call those dreaming years to life again.
But better far if with unclouded eye

Thou peerest through the years that are to be,
And far beyond the things that near thee lie
Some flick'ring light, some guerdon thou can'st
see, —

Some object glim'ring in the dim unknown
That beckons thee to hurry that which now
Thy hands attend, and hasten hitherward.
But better still if thou can'st feel the force
Of years that wide awake about thee stir;
If in the hour that is, thine eye beholds
The purpose of the past, the future end.
O mix thyself with that thine eye doth see,

SONG AND DREAM

Thine ear doth hear, thy hand can touch and
feel!
For then thou need'st not dream of what has
been
Nor care for what the future may conceal.

To Our Sweetgum Tree

FULL many times when summer days were
bright
And o'er the fields stood trembling, summer air,
We found our hats and wandered forth to
where
The sweetgum tree stands bare to summer
light;
And when at once its cool shades came in
sight,
With ever-quicken steps we hastened there,
And with unsparing hand its bark laid bare.
With searching eyes oft have I claimed the
right
Of this side or of that. Though years have
gone
And things have changed, I see you, noble tree,
And oft a sigh of sad regret have drawn
That I have gashed your form so recklessly;
And now you stand, in stretching field, forlorn,
In ragged age, our dear old Sweetgum Tree!

SONG AND DREAM

Reflection

S AVE us, O Years, from shortsighted action,
From trampling true beauty and life's
sweetest part
'Neath trade's busy sweep and commercial
distraction,—
From feeling the purse and forgetting the
heart.
Forbid that while years ever recklessly
spin
The nation should seek purest glory to
win
While selfish self-seekers debauch her in sin
Then howl o'er her wretched condition.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

My Birthright

O GIVE me the music and song of the world,
The glorious sky-pictures at sunset unfurled ;
Give me the breath of the fresh April morn
Sweetened with dew from the deep shadows born.
Set price on the showers that hasten the grain
But leave me the rainbow and sweet scent of rain ;
Harvest the grain which the warm rains have made
But give me the whiff of its sun-sweetened blade ;
Garner the rich wheat and hoard it away
When I've seen it wave on a bright summer day ;
Ravage the red rose and sell it for gain
When I've seen the sunset that glows in its vein ;
Pluck the red apple and carefully store it
But give me the breath of the blossom that bore it ;

SONG AND DREAM

Take your broad acres and barns which they
fill
While I watch the rise of the vale to the hill;
I've no heart to reckon your shillings and
pence
With the breath of the honeysuckle over the
fence;
Fell the proud oak and the pine on the hill
When I have passed under their boughs and
stood still;
Pull down the lightnings and harness their
might
When I've seen them play through the storm
of the night;
Bridle the rivers and cause them to hush
When I've heard the song of their oceanward
rush;
Take thou the home, with its draperies gay,
But give me the sound of the children at play;
Take all the finery, jewels so rare,
But give me the smile of the babe over there;
Claim all the holdings and it will suffice
If you leave me the words of a father's advice;
Seize all the wealth for which forefathers
strove
But leave me the pride of a strong brother's
love;

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Filch what you may if you but leave to me
A sweet sister's words and her fine sympathy,
 The glorious wealth of a blue summer sky
 That floats in the smile of a sweetheart's eye;
Take the soft furnishings, carpeted stairs,
But give me the worth of a dear mother's
 prayers;
Take it all, use it, and then pass it on
But leave me the mem'ry of friends who are
 gone;
Thine be the world with its rich jeweled sod,
But grant me the great saving spirit of God.

SONG AND DREAM

To the Years

(On my birthday)

O YEARS, O years, why slip you thus away
And let me move unconscious of your
flight!

Why make my days so swiftly chase the night!
Why bring before me ever on this day
The stern command to stop, review, survey!
Ye calleth back the gloam of early light,
Some joyous sport, some half-remembered
sight—

The itemized account of each sweet day.
Speed on, speed on, I make no anxious score
But count alone the heart-throbs I have braced,
The souls forlorn that drooped, earthworn and
sore,

But with resolve have lifted up and faced
Grim life again. If such there be, no more
I grieve; nor should I have the years erased.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

A Moment of Rest

S TILL and low the wings of evening spread
And fan the air into a feathery breeze,
While o'er my spirit steals, with airy tread,
A feeling strange as if by lonely seas.

Trembling deep in yonder blue immense
A pensive star in modesty retires ;
The day is done, the sun is now far hence,
The heavens glow with feeble sunlit fires.

Upon the breeze there comes a soft refrain
That leads my thoughts to wander and to
roam ;
The words are those of that familiar strain,
That strain so dear, "No place like home, sweet
home."

Emotions rise upon those plaintive airs
And buoyant hope comes bounding, breathing
full ;
Old memories come trooping o'er the years
And scenes that once I held so beautiful.

SONG AND DREAM

With book half closed, and head against the chair,
I rock, and wrap my thoughts in floating
dream,
My weary mind shifts every clinging care,
And drifts away to some more restful theme.

Far onward through the mellow twilight still,
By rustling leaves in dreamy, restless sleep,
I pass in rapid pace some haunted mill;
It seems to call, and then in silence, weep.

Through cool and shadowy woodlands swift I
stray,
The sleepy streamlets breathing dull and low;
Watchful sprites and neiad^s guide their winding
way
And seem to trace my footsteps as I go.

All things are hushed. A melancholy trill
Through dusky distance softly, faintly falls;
Poor friendless bird! complaining whip-poor-
will,
Ever alone, and none to hear its calls.

At last, how glad! my feet are quickly turning
Towards a hill I long had pined to see;
And through the dark a lamp is brightly burning
And there it seems to burn and wait for me.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

As I approach mid flowers and dewy grass
And onward rush through yard and open door,
What grief to find,—ah me, alas! alas!
My book had slipped and fallen to the floor.

SONG AND DREAM

In Memory of Everybody's Friend "Marse Jim"

(James Haywood Southgate)

BACK to his mother earth who gave,
Hath turned a giant son!
But e'er she wrapped him in her grave
She found his task well-done.
With towering brow and pond'rous brain
He brought back days of old,
When shepherd hill and starlit plain
Built manhood strong and bold.

Gone from our streets and from our halls
The counsel of a friend,
Who gave us hope and lofty calls
And stood us to the end.
His heart was like the big outdoors,
His eye the glad sunshine ;
His voice seemed as the sea that roars
A mystic peace, divine.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

He dwelt upon the sunlit hills
Where God's great winds go by;
He loved the rhythm of the rills,
 He loved the wondrous sky.
The sweetness of the upturned soil,
 The fragrance of the hay,
And rugged, honest sons of toil
 Made glad each closing day.

The robin and the red-bird found
 A haven on his hill;
He watched the field mouse in the ground
 And loved the daffodil.
He loved the clouds that passed along,
 The lightning's flash and flight;
He loved the gentle cricket's song
 When quiet filled the night.

There was a generous fireside glow
 Within his cabin home,
Where young and old might come and go,
 Where memory might roam.
None can forget the genial smile,
 The bounding, inward joy
He gave in that old-fashioned style
 "How goes the world, old boy?"

SONG AND DREAM

He seemed a part of all we owned,
The home, the church, the school;
Sweet charity his life enthroned,
 He lived the golden rule.
On rostrum or at banquet mirth,
At desk or mid the crowds,
He lived with feet upon the earth
 And head above the clouds.

Where'er he touched his mother earth
 She gleamed with beauty rare;
He gave a rich and hallowed worth
 To land and sea and air.
His was the universal life
 That knows nor time nor place,
That struggles with a kingly strife
 To leave a manlier race.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Lowering of the Class Flag

(Tune: America)

(This song has been used for several years by Trinity College at the lowering of the class flag, which is the last official act of the college year, coming at sunset on Wednesday of Commencement. The cornet sounds the call for the assembling of the Class five minutes before sunset. After assembling, the Class sings college songs. As the sun sets the college bell is rung, and every Trinity man is expected to remove his hat whether he is present at the exercises or not. The flag is lowered by the Class and turned over to the President of the College to be deposited among the archives of the College, and for future use by the Class.)

HARK! the last clarion call
Brings sadness to us all,
O Trinity!
Last vow of love we bring,
Last song of thee we sing!
Our hearts to thee shall cling
Eternally.

SONG AND DREAM

Comrades, our day is done
And with yon setting sun
We say farewell,—
Farewell to these dear halls
Sweet lawns and stately walls,
Farewell to twilight calls
And lusty yell.

Face to the western skies,
Warm tears shall bathe our eyes
For Trinity.
Sweet memories entwine
Around this sacred shrine
And bind our lives to thine,
Dear Trinity.

Voice of thy mighty bell
Sounds now its saddest knell,
Stern Trinity.
Let every son she bred
Whose hungry soul she fed
Now bare his reverent head
And honor thee.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Flag of our country free,
Flag of our Trinity,
 God bless thy stars!
Tattered thou mayest be,
Still do we honor thee
Proud sign of liberty,—
 Thy stripes and bars!

Long live our Mother brave,
Long may Old Glory wave
 O'er Trinity!
Truth, honor, faith and love
Ne'er from thy sons shall move,—
Steadfast as heaven above
 To Trinity.

SONG AND DREAM

My Charge

GO SERVE the right in Heaven's name
Expedience count but a foil;
To see the highest be thy aim,
To hold the vision be thy toil.

Go seek the truth whate'er it brings,
Look not for ease, shun not the strife;
Let not the instant need of things
Eclipse the abiding worth of life.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

THE mightiest power of human word,
The gentlest music ever heard,
Are found beside the trundle bed
Where little children's prayers are said,
Where little eyes at mother peep
With "Now I lay me down to sleep."

This golden prayer of childhood's years
Bids mother put away her fears
And look with trust to that stern hour
When baby comes to manhood's power.
She builds a tower his faith to keep
With "Now I lay me down to sleep."

When after years shall dim his eyes
And mother dwells in God's great skies;
When life with joy and pain is fraught
He hears the words that mother taught,
And back for strength his soul shall leap
To "Now I lay me down to sleep."

SONG AND DREAM

God grant, through tumult of the years
To save this prayer and mother's tears;
May little children everywhere
At mother's knees learn mother's prayer,
And every heart Thy ways shall keep
Through "Now I lay me down to sleep."

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Poppies

W EALTH of a thousand cities
 Dream of elysian fields
Land of rainbow yearning
 With fairy-petaled yields

Birds from the fairest countries
 Gathered in a night
Mixed in rare profusion
 Of plumage rich and bright

Robes from a Persian palace
 Wings of the butterfly
Glow of the borealis
 Tints of a sunset sky

Nooks for the nymphs and fairies
 Soul of a song and dream
Breath of an evening zephyr
 Glow of a glad sunbeam

Eyes of the morning dewdrop
 Children of the stars
Dreams of an azure heaven
 Blood from the veins of Mars

SONG AND DREAM

Smiles of a baby's dreaming

Draperies of the bee

Love in an eastern garden

Sleep of a peaceful sea

Wild carnival of color

To dazzle with delight

To fill the heart with dreaming

Of a jeweled heaven's light.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Sabbath Bells

O TENDER bells! O pleading bells!
From some enchanted clime,
You seem as angels of the earth
Breathing a whispered chime.
You open the gates of a holy place
Where new-born vows are said,
You ring when the broken-hearted mourn
For a life that the world calls dead.

O golden bells! O merciful bells!
With a heart for sinner and saint,
Sweet charity dwells in your brotherly tone
With never a word of complaint.
Far out from the dark of the pagan land
Too far for the wheels of trade
There rises upon this Sabbath day
A song that your voice hath made.

O glorious bells of the Sabbath day,
Echoes of the Master's call
From the domes of the heavenly table-lands
Whence the dews of His mercy fall!

SONG AND DREAM

The symbol of those voices high
That wake to a higher toil,
Those glorified oases here
Which we cherish as sacred soil !

O bells of hope! O bells of love!
Not duty's stern commands,
Exultant bells, death-conquering bells
That waft from eternal lands!
O vain earth's selfish wealth and toil,
The frantic grasp for things,
When rising from the wild uproar
This voice of the eternal sings!

Turn thou, O mad and weary world
To the rest of the Sabbath day,
To her sacred bells, to her saving bells
That echo along her way!
O mystic bells! O yearning bells!
Such ne'er to the earth were given,
The endless rhythm of thy tones
Was caught from the bells of heaven!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Scribbling

I SCRIBBLE on my shirt and cuff
Or ragged envelope,
Upon the fly-leaf of a book
Or on the kitchen soap.
For fear the winged word may fly
Or happy rhyme I lose
I grave it on a dollar bill
Or on my hat or shoes.

And oft in zeal I scribble on
Unmindful of the hour,
Until today is yesterday
And the muse hath spent her power;
Then rush my pencil on to bed
As vigil through the night,
Lest e'er the dawn some thought hath fled
And will not come to light.

I keep the trap set night and day
For thought and word and rhyme,
And when perchance I stay away
For any length of time,

SONG AND DREAM

What idle joy to hurry back
And in my easy chair
To listen for the elfin track
That may be stealing there.

I scribble on the mantel-piece
And on the stable door,
In haste I seize my handkerchief
Or write upon the floor.
I fear lest I go writing mad
And follow light or wind,
Or catch myself a-scribbling
On the cheek of some good friend.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Thanksgiving

WE THANK Thee, Lord, for breath of
peace,
For homes and fires and love;
For honor's gift and mercy's soul
And faith in God above.

We thank thee that the heart of man
Still feels a gratitude,
That song still leaps from out his soul
And prayer lives unsubdued.

We thank thee for the buoyant hope
That fills the future ways,
For life that is and memory
Of those fair other days.

SONG AND DREAM

To the New Moon

HAIL, hail, hail
White ship of celestial seas!
Ah, whither come and what strange shores
Have felt the quiver of thine oars?
What alien eyes have welcomed thee
Along thy wide periphery?
Hail, hail, thou glad new moon!

Hail, hail, hail
Thou rugged sailor friend!
Faithful were thy pilots twain
Guiding thee o'er sea and main;
Welcome to our vesper skies
As our friendly daylight dies;
Every heart leaps up anew,
Glad to greet the face of you.
Hail, hail, thou glad new moon!

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

The Larger Light

TO THEE, O Sleepless Watcher of the years
We lift our praise! Yet not for harvest
fields,

For wealth of stores and all that traffic yields;
But for the larger life they build, that rears
Our thoughts to Thine. That love that ever
shields

The lily and the bird should shame our fears;
For if we heir life's gladness or its tears
Beneath it all Thou art, and nothing wields
Thine arm but love. Oft in Thy larger light
Man's worshipped treasures are to Thee but
dross,

His fancied wrong is but eternal right,
His petty gain is but eternal loss;
And though his spirit spend a bitter night
The day-dawn finds an angel near his cross.

SONG AND DREAM

The Campfires of the Angels

IN THE dim, on-beck'ning distance,
In the weird, strange wonderland,
There a mystic glow enchanting
Hovers o'er a silent band ;
Silent through unnumbered ages, —
Not a whisper hath been hurled
From the campfires of the angels
On the outskirts of the world.

In the long eternal gloaming
Faithful vigil have you kept
While vast hordes of earthworn trav'lers
Passed along and laughed or wept.
Looking up in wild-eyed wonder
Where the glowing smoke-clouds curled
From the campfires of the angels
On the outskirts of the world.

In the glamour of your far lights
Hold the angels sweet concourse ?
Do they speak in heaven's language
Of our life, its end and source ?

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Do they chant of sacred mem'ries
From an earthly scroll unfurled,
Round the campfires of the angels
On the outskirts of the world ?

Glimmer on ye beck'ning shore lights
Where the distant camp-ground lies,
Where we see the bright sparks trailing
Up the highways of the skies.
Soon must fade earth's little daylight,
And our chariots shall be hurled
Toward the campfires of the angels
On the outskirts of the world.

SONG AND DREAM

To a Fallen Leaf

HOW much of spring, how much of song
Lie in your withered face,
How many glad hearts passed along
Your cool and shadowed ways!
In your mute presence as I stand
I feel a nameless dread;
The breezes speak which you have fanned,
Spring rises from the dead.

You seem to speak of friends and home
And how you used to live,
Where birds and butterflies did roam
And bees their honey give.
O what a fairy world was yours
'Mid rain and jeweled dew,
When night-time sent her troubadours
To chant their songs to you!

O, emblem of our mortal life,
At the foot of your mother you lie,
Unheedful of the wild wind's strife,—
For the life of another you die.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

'Twas the unseen root that kept you green,
 You helped make the tree and were glad;
You are building another glad springtime
 sheen
So why should I be sad?

SONG AND DREAM

Armenia

A RMENIA ! Armenia !
A golden name is thine ;
There's something in thine ancient soul
That seems almost divine.
What sacred heroes shine so fair
Upon thine eastern hills,
What destinies were cradled there
Along thy quiet rills !

What ancient names and hallowed creed
Live through thy wearied toil !—
Thy storied hilltops nursed the seed,—
The Christ-faith blessed thy soil.
And yet thine old men grope thy ways
Thy children cry for home,
And through thy bitter, blood-stained days
Thy helpless mothers roam.

The cry of old Armenia sounds
Throughout the ceaseless years ;
An ancient terror fills her bounds,
Her heart with bitter tears.

SONGS AND DREAMS OF LIFE

Her generations love their fields
Their homes and honest work,
But o'er her life there ever steals
The shadow of the Turk.

With sad and contemplative eyes
And grief-swept soul and heart,
What shuddering memories arise
To tell thy bitter part!
O tortured little Aryan band
Who love their templed hills,
What desolation marks thy land
And all thy pages fills!

The rivers of thy guiltless blood
Murmur a ghastly tale,
And far across the crimson flood
We hear thy suppliant wail.
O heart of our big-hearted world
Speak from thy vaunted place
And let this flag of death be furled
From o'er this haunted race.

SONG AND DREAM

Vesperi Lux

WHEN the sun hath fled and the day
is dead
 Give me the twilight stars,
When life sinks low and I must go
 Along the lonely bars.

Should the night be dark from my lonely bark
 As I travel the silent ways,
Close by my side in that eventide
 May there shine the Master's face.

SONGS OF WAR

America

METHINKS I see, far toward hesperian glow,
A goddess queenly fair, with searching eyes
Benignant as the light of summer skies;
About her brow a gracious care doth grow.
Her calm and lustrous countenance doth show
A promise vast and grand; 'mid darkened skies
Radiant she stands; within her grasp there lies
A strength that none but flaming patriots
know.

Face toward the east, she lifts a peaceful hand;
She speaks, the voice of justice and of right!
They hear her, men of every race and land,—
Glad herald of the dawn of larger light,
Fair Liberty, with grave and high command
To free a fettered world from death of might.

A Nation's Prayer

O MIGHTY FATHER, changeless God,
Whose love through all the years
Hath blessed the paths which we have trod
And calmed our faithless fears!
Hear Thou a nation's fervent prayer
On this her day of praise,
Lift up the earth from grim despair
And straighten all her ways.

Take Thou this nation, young and strong,
Build here a throne of right
That shall forever spurn the wrong
And scorn the boast of might.
Build here for strength of coming days
A land where greed shall cease,
Whose ways shall all be righteous ways,
Whose paths shall all be peace.

SONGS OF WAR

At the Fireside of the Nation

SEE them gather at the fireside!
From toil's weary ways they roam
Back where cheerful embers call them,
Back where twilight turns them home.
High have been the day's endeavors,
Love hath led them on the way
And a gladness fills the evening
With the mem'ries of the day.

Cheer and hunger gather with them
Where the evening meal is spread;
Ease and leisure fill the hour
With honest thanks for honest bread.
Every heart is filled with kindness,
Every face with sweet content,
And the end of day is hallowed
With a wholesome merriment.

Father tells of honest trading,
Of a good deal on the square;
Mother plies her thread and needle
Near the table over there.

SONG AND DREAM

Brother boasts of faithful horses,
Sister of school honors won ;
Little toddlers by the hearthstone
Find their frolic and their fun.

Now the little eyes grow heavy
And the Holy Book is read,
With her tender good-night kisses
Mother tucks them in their bed.
Then the quiet of the papers
Of the magazines and books,
And the news of many cities,
Of the neighbors and the cooks.

Mem'ry turns the pages backward
To the stately days of old
Where the uncles and the grandsires
Braved the earth, gallant and bold.
How the darkies of the old days
Loved their master and his jest !
How his heart bled when he laid them
Neath the quiet graveyard's rest !

Then the tale of bloody trenches,
Of the grim and deadly fight
Where the wild and fiery missiles
Give a terror to the night !

SONGS OF WAR

Where the coming of the morning
Brings but dark and dismal dread
As the cold hand of the day-dawn
Strokes the pale lips of the dead!

O ye god of shell and thunder
Whose mad ear doth hear no cry,
Call not these to terrors yonder
Where young eyes look up and die!
Shatter not this peaceful evening,
Ravage not this shrine of home
Where a gleam of earthly heaven
Steals from out the starlit dome!

But if noise of war-like footman
Sound along our homeland shores;
Should the honor of her fireside
Call us where the cannon roars;
Up shall spring a mighty legion
And the stars and stripes shall fly
O'er the fireside of the nation
Where her strength and honor lie.

SONG AND DREAM

To the Yanks in France

WE ENVY you boys, on the firing line,
We covet your glorious chance
To bear Freedom's sign far over the brine
To the bleeding fields of France.
O sordid the task in the shop and the store
When demons are murd'ring the world!
May God guide our khaki through grapeshot and
gore
Till the banners of might shall be furled.

SONGS OF WAR

Soldier Greeting

AS THE wrinkled year brings Christmas
near
And the sound of silver bells,
We greet you lad in your khaki clad
With old-time campus yells.
May mem'ries bright on Christmas night
Make glad your soldier heart,
And in your fight for freedom's right
God grant the victor's part.

SONG AND DREAM

To Our Boys Around the Campfires

THE homeland fires are burning boys,
Burning for you;
And homeland hearts are yearning, boys,
Yearning for you.
I see a noble pride arise,
Beaming in Columbia's eyes
While her old flag proudly flies,
Flying for you.

The eyes of the world are learning, boys,
Learning of you;
The heart of the world is turning, boys,
Turning to you.

You are pulling the rope to Freedom's bell
For the sake of the things you love so well;
At home we are lifting a cheer and yell,
Yelling for you.

SONGS OF WAR

To the Khaki-Clad

HERE'S to the lad of the trench and camp
With his gun and a heart of steel!
We sing of the pomp of your martial tramp
And the pride which your countrymen feel.
Around the world old Liberty Bell
And the glow of freedom's light
Shall fire every heart with the message they tell
Of your struggle for peace and right.

So here's to your courage and manly cheer;
You are gloriously brave, my lad!
And here's to the stars and the stripes you bear,
To Columbia's khaki-clad!
We send you loud cheers and a lusty yell
From the hills and the shores of home,
With pride in your courage and faith in your
shell
Wherever your feet may roam.

SONG AND DREAM

Voices of the Christmas-Time

BELLS of Christmas everywhere,
Old Santa Claus a'smiling,
Mistletoe swung in the air
 Blushing maids beguiling.
Face of every little child
 Beaming with delight,
Dreams and fancies running wild
 Through the hours of night.

Happy heart of Santa Claus
 Gladdening all the earth,
His nimble-footed reindeer draws
 Loads of Christmas mirth.
Ten million little children know
 His graybeard and his smile,
And on to early bed they go
 To dream of him awhile.

Ruddy fires of dim twilight,
 Woods all white with snow,
Sleighbells sounding through the night,
 O'er the hills they go.

SONGS OF WAR

Trains go rushing on their way
With gifts of goodly cheer
And happy crowds go home to stay
For Christmas and New Year.

Shops and stores so full and bright,
Shoppers full of glee,
Streets ablaze with Christmas light,
Hearts so glad and free.
Mirthful sound of quilting-bees
Along the countryside,
Dazzling light of Christmas trees
Floods the eventide.

Through all the mingled voices glad
That fill the festive earth
Can there be voices low and sad?
Could there be aught but mirth?
Ah! through the distance comes a cry,—
A mother with her child;
It comes from where brave fathers die
In conflict mad and wild.

O peaceful plains of Palestine!
O hills of old Judea!
Ten thousand tender dreams are thine
When Christmas-time is here!

SONG AND DREAM

Yon star that blazed o'er Bethlehem
And stirred the shepherds' fear,
With battle smoke is red and dim
And Christmas-time so near!

Death flutters through thy peaceful air,
It lurks upon thy sea
And hides beneath thy waters fair,—
The sea of Galilee.
No more the sound of "Peace on earth,"
No more "Good-will to men;"
The mem'ry of thy manger birth
Is hushed in hellish sin.

O Santa Clause before you bring
Our sweets and gilded toys
Go back where helpless mothers cling
To homeless girls and boys.
Go build the fires of home again,
Let sound of shrapnel cease,
And guide the steps of tortured men
To homes of love and peace!

SONGS OF WAR

To the Sons of France

HAIL, chivalrous brothers across the sea
Who guardeth the paths of the world's
liberty!

Peasant and prince heard the call of old France
And roused from the lull of a long, haunted
trance,

Brave as the lion when caught in his den
Rose you like patriots, fought you like men!

Firm stood your bayonet, bright gleamed your
lance,

All the world honors the sons of old France.

Our Times Are In Thy Hands

GR^EAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are met in hellish clash,
And only Thou in heaven dost know
 Where next their furies flash!
The brave young blood of modern pride
 Lies filt'ring through the sands,
But sweet to feel through storm of steel
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

High in Thy heaven flies winged death
 With deadly thunder clad,
And herds of shuddering men look up
 With desperate eyes and sad;
The thunder roars, the smoke-clouds rise,
 But out from trench-gashed lands
A dream-built might shall yield to right—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

Civilization stands aghast,
 Awe-stricken, breathless, dumb,
To see her proud steel-pillared world
 To desolation come.

SONGS OF WAR

The ground which ancient armies trod
Again in terror stands
Heart-sick at spoil of ancient toil—
“Our times are in Thy hands.”

What dread catastrophe is this,
What cataclysm wild?
Doth Sodom’s hardness hold the world
From God’s great love exiled?
Doth God call nations to their knees?
No seer understands,
But in this night we grope for light—
“Our times are in Thy hands.”

The nation that forgetteth God
Shall perish from the earth;
So warns the ancient Book that points
A nation’s fall or birth.
Adown the highways of the past
Have sounded God’s commands,
But greed and ease man’s senses seize—
“Our times are in Thy hands.”

We know above the dismal din
Of cannon, shell and blood,
A Master General views the fields
Where ancient armies stood.

SONG AND DREAM

He knows man's strength, He knows the end,
 He knows man's battle plans,
In patience waits to judge his hates—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

Forgive where nations in their pride
 Unsheathed a guilty sword!
Forgive where men in fateful haste
 Forgot their nation's Lord!
And if this be Thy chastening rod
 To wayward, sin-cursed lands
Where nations trod lost from their God—
 “Our times are in Thy hands.”

SONGS OF WAR

To the Men of the Golden Star

I'M GLAD that you had the chance, my lads,
I'm glad that you had the chance,
To die for the world
Where Old Glory unfurled
O'er the fearless fields of France.

My heart leaps high when I think of you, lads,
As you dared the dark demons of sea
To join the brave line
Where the immortals shine
As the seal of the world's liberty.

I'm glad that you fought with the soul of a man
And died as a man should die,
Where the hell guns jarred
And the fight was hard,—
That you rest where brave men lie.

A thousand years might never bring
A tale of fairer fame;
Though you died in a day
You shall live alway
With glory on your name.

SONG AND DREAM

Though hushed be the guns, and speechless
the men
Who fell 'neath the long, long trance,
I can see them arise
With a flame in their eyes
At the sound of thy name, O France !

Ah, sad, very sad, in these glad days of peace
Not to shake your brave hand once more!
That you could not come back
With your gun and your pack
For a glimpse of the homeland shore!

Proud stands your old Mother College today,
Though sorrow hath touched her soul,
That these nevermore
Shall enter her door
Nor along her old pathways shall stroll.

She remembers your room, and the tree where
you sang,
The books which you read with delight,
The sound of your yell
When the heart felt the spell
And the charm of a wonderful night..

SONGS OF WAR

But she's proud that you had the chance,
my lads,
She's proud that you had the chance,
To brave the onslaught
For the things that she taught
And to die for the world, and for France!

SONG AND DREAM

Shadow and Song

FOR four long years black night had spread
Her wings about the world,
And men went weeping for their dead,
 The flag of hope half-furled.
But deep within the soul of man
 There dwelt a faith in right,
And that it was God's final plan
 To give us back the light.

Old England groans and Belgium stands
 Ravished on every plain;
Italia guards her sun-kissed lands,
 France bleeds from every vein.
America, bewildered, felt
 The call to right the wrong;
She yearned as on her knees she knelt
 To save the weak and strong.

At last there leapt across the skies
 From out night's darkened way,
The smile of hope in morning's eyes,
 The long on-coming day.

SONGS OF WAR

And heaven's cheek grew clear and bright,
Awhile so wan and sad;
The eyes of freedom flashed with light,
The heart of the world was glad.

God save from such another night
And make us all akin,
And grant that love's far-reaching light
May light the hearts of men.
Forever may her pinions white
Rest o'er a peaceful world,
Where mercy's touch shall banish might
And the flags of war be furled!

How Hath the Mighty Fallen

THOUGH slow to hear the universal call
That knit in one the high instinct of all;
Though slow from out thy slumb'rous ease to
wake

When liberty and justice were at stake;
Yet thou did'st hear, and thou did'st answer well
The call to end the earth's black night of hell;
And having heard, and with high purpose set,
How dare my glorious Country e'er forget
The splendid vision and the sacred vow,
Or e'er to sordid machinations bow!
For thou did'st walk amid the sunlit hills
And nations watched thee with a faith that stills
The clamour of a frenzied world.

But thou
Did'st turn, and on thy clear, majestic brow
A shadow fell, and back into the vales
Went hope, where honor sits and wails.
But there she cannot stay, for mountain heights
Will ever beckon through the murky nights,

SONGS OF WAR

And some day hence her pinions white shall rise
And gain again her vision of the skies.
America, with heart so big and brave
When action was so perilous and grave,
Where is thy dream, whence hath thy vision fled
Now that thy drums are still, thy heroes dead?
Where is the flame, uplifted from thy hand,
That resurrected hope in every land?
Have honor, justice, liberty and right
Passed from thy radiant soul before the night
Could fold her wings and greet the glorious
day?

Have thy feet faltered on the earth's highway
And thy once dauntless spirit, noble, free,
Cringed 'neath the curse of base expediency?
Shall Arthur's knights on far old Britain's
shore

Leave thee no heritage, or evermore
Call out across the seas for knightly men
With purpose high and kingly soul akin
To keep the peace, to help and shield the weak?
The very shades of Master Falstaff speak
To see his mighty kin on instinct run
Because somewhere in Europe hides a gun!
Shall fathers brave who rose as pioneers
And flung their bone and blood on far frontiers

SONG AND DREAM

So soon forget the white-souled sons who died,
The tender tears where mothers knelt and
cried?

Did thy brave sons 'neath poppy fields of
France

Send thee no word, or fire thy soul perchance,
As home-bound ships drew nigh to homeland
piers

And turned the heroes home 'mid rapturous
cheers?

Shall all the things which memory gave for
peace

Sink once again beneath a selfish ease,
And hearts that met the challenge of the strong
No longer feel the burden of the wrong?

Hast thou no charge to keep the peace of men
Which thou hast shed thy bravest blood to win?
Are we but moulders of the present day

Soulless to those who tread the future way?
Are those high things for which our spirits bled
Vanished so soon, and buried with our dead?

Where are thy dreams? was it a foolish heart
That led thee up so high for such a part
As thou did'st play?

Awake, my Land, awake!
Stretch forth thy mighty arm! forever shake

SONGS OF WAR

This death-like pallor from thy stone-like face
And once again from thy exalted place
With vision lifted toward a glad, new day,
Redeem the soul which thou hast flung away
And rend in twain the cloud that veils the skies
And burst the tomb where thy fair vision lies!

SONG AND DREAM

The Aftermath

THREE millions and more of the children
of God,
Ye angels of heaven behold!
What hand would not sweeten the pathways
they plod
If the wheels of the world grow cold!
Breathes there a heart in this heaven-blest land
With harvests that burden the field,
That would not caress with a fatherly hand
And from every hardship shield!

Along the dear pathways of age-worn Judea
From the dim, shadowy days of the yore,
A masterful voice, so calm and so clear,
Seems to follow us evermore:
“Suffer the children to come unto me,”—
Thank God for a friend in the heaven,
When hunger and cold and bleak misery
Are all that the world hath given!

SONGS OF WAR

These children who lean on the merciful heart
 Of a war-torn world not theirs,
Whose portion of fate is a bitter part,—
 Ah, the Master shall answer their prayers!
O heart of America, big and brave,
 When the charge was to shoot and kill,
Their fathers are sleeping where you dug the
 grave
And the children are crying still!

There are Marys and Bills like to yours and to
 mine
And their hearts are the light of the world,
And we know, O good Shepherd, that these
 are Thine
Who were lost where the flags were furled.
Ah, e'er we shall offer a thanksgiving prayer
 Or fondle our Christmas toys,
Pray hurry our bread and not guns "over
 there",
To earth's refugee girls and boys!

Disarmament

COME, Gentlemen, earth's day is growing late
And all the way, as strangers at the gate,
We've traveled on from war's first battle shield
Unto the shame of yonder Flander's Field.
Enough! 'tis time we knew each other now,
And knowing, love; in one world-binding vow
Let man in sorrow for his ancient sin
Say to the world that we be brethren;
And then in truth forswear the thought of harm
And swearing thus, with willing heart disarm;
For soon or late the wrath of God shall rise
On him who clothes high honor in disguise.
If you, with light of ages in your eyes,
And hearts now bound through sorrow's bitter
cries,
Cannot lay down your arms, strike hands and say
“Henceforth we walk as brothers on the way,”
Then look not to your weaker kind to rise
And shut suspicion from their blinded eyes.

SONGS OF WAR

Just yesterday, with tender, prideful hand
High spirits laid away in every land
The deathless symbol of their unknown lad,—
The world turned toward its mem'ries and
 was sad.

Ah, will you, gallant sirs, now smite the cheek
Of heroes, garlanded, who can not speak?
Their fair hands braved death's treach'rous
 overtures

For what you now hold, pricelessly, in yours.
They gathered from the ends of earth at sound
Of bugle, and in honor high they bound
Their lives and all for sake of one another,
To die as one who dieth for a brother.

Ah, shame we cannot live as such and be
As neighbors in the bonds of unity!
Not till our selfish competition cease
Shall kindred nations find the light of peace,
And each beloved land in truth hath shown
We love each other as we love our own.
Then shall our senseless wars be flung away,
The relic of a shameful, savage day.

Ah, Gentlemen, the heart of the world beats high
For the brother-look within the other's eye;

SONG AND DREAM

For simple trust; for friendly sacrifice
That lives for others, and in living dies:
That seeks no law or power through hellish war
But gives its hands and power unto the law,
Till that glad day when love of law shall move
Our selfish hearts unto the law of love.
God grant you wisdom for a manly part
And give you through it all the brother-heart.

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